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for the first three insertions, and 20
cents for each subsequent insertion.
Those who advertise by the year,
can make contracts on liberal terms.
The privilege of Annual Adver-
tising is limited to their own im-
mediate business; and all advertise-
ments for other persons.

Newport Mercury

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, mil-
lions notices, and the like, on in-
sertion, 75 cents per square.
Birth, marriages and deaths, in-
serted without charge; but all ad-
ditions to the ordinary announce-
ment, as obituary notices, will be
charged at 8 cents per line, no charge
being less than 25 cents.
No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the publisher.

Job Printing
in its various branches executed
with despatch.
F. A. PRATT, Editor & Proprietor

Number 5,517.

Volume 106.

Poetry.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG

BY W. K. DEANEY.

Away!—away! o'er the foamy crest
Of the beautiful blue sea we
For our toil-lot lies on its boiling breast,
And our wealth's in the glorious sea!
And we're hymned in the grasp of the forest
night.

To the god of the sea of toil,
As we drift the wave by its own white light,
And away with its seely spail.

Then oh! for the long and strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh! their fathers must be men.

And we'll think, as the blast grows fresh and
long,
That we hear our offspring's cry—
And we'll think, as the surge grows tall and
strong,

Of the tears in their mother's eye;
And we'll read through the clutch of the shiv'ring
green.

For the warm, warm sleep at home—
For the soothing smile of each heart's own queen,
And her arms like the flying foam.

Then oh! for the long and strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh! then fathers must be men.

Do we yearn for the land when tossed on this?
Let it ring to the proud one's tread
For worse than the waters and winds may his
Where the poor man gleams his bread.

If the silver-tongue of the upstart knave
Can bleed what it may not bend,
Twice better to battle the wildest wave,
Than the spirit of storms could send.

Then he singing farewell to the bold oar-
sweep
We have given, and will again;
If our souls should howl to the savage deep,
Oh! they'll never to savage men.

And if death, through a foamy cloud,
On the brown-browed boatman glares,
He can pay him his glance with a soul as proud
As the soul of a man's bears.

And oh! 'twere glorious now to die
In our tools for some on shore,
With a hopeful eye fixed calm on the sky,
And a hand on the broken oar.

Then oh! for a long, strong, steady sweep;
Hold to it!—hurry!—dash on!
If our babes must fast till we rob the deep,
'Tis time that we had begun.

WHY SHOULD MORTALS BE PROUD?
Said to have been composed by A. Lincoln.

O why should the spirit of mortals be proud?
Like a swift shooting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a dash of the wave,
It passes from earth to its rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak, and the willow shall fade,
He scattered around and together he laid;
The young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moult to dust, and together shall lie.

The hand of the King, that a sceptre hath borne,
The brow of a Priest, that a mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden alike in the depths of the grave.

The saint that enjoyed the Communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quitted mingled their bones with the dust.

We are the same beings our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
We run the same race, that our fathers did run.

The thro's we are thinking our fathers did think,
From the woes we are shrinking they too did shrink,
To the life we are clinging, they too did cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They died, O! they died, and we, things that
are now—
That walk on the dust that lies over their brow—
That make in the dwellings a transient abode—
Meet the changes they met on the pilgrimage
road.

So the multitude goes, even those we behold,
And repeat the same tale that our fathers have told;
So the multitude comes, like the flower and the
weed
That wither away, to let others succeed.

Thus hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain,
And the smile, and the tear, and the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the glance of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the glided saloon to the bier and the shroud,
O why, should the spirit of mortals be proud!

I AM,
I am, yet what I am none cares or knows,
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in Love's and Death's oblivion
tossed.

And yet I am, and live with shadows lost.
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems,
And e'en the dearest whom I loved the best
Are strange, nay, far more strange than the
rest.

OUR FLAG.
Hail! Banner of a mighty land
Thy radiant stars sublime,
Have fanned the light of liberty
In many a foreign clime.

Selected Tale.

THE POT OF GOLD.

A PRETTY CURT STORY.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good
man in the main, and looked to up with-
spect by all the inhabitants of the village
of Centerville, was rumored to have,
in Yankee parlance, 'a pretty sharp eye
to the main chance,'—a peculiarity from
which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly
well-to-do, having inherited a fine farm
from his father, which was growing year-
ly more valuable. It might be supposed
that under these circumstances the deacon,
who was fully able to do so, would have
found a helpmeet to share his house and
name. But the deacon was wary. Mat-
rimony was to him in some measure a
matter of 'money, and it was his firm re-
solution not to marry unless he could there-
by enhance his worldly prosperity. Un-
happily, the little village of Centerville,
and the towns in the immediate vicinity,
contained few who were qualified in this
important particular, and of those there
were probably none with whom the deacon's
suit would have prospered.

So it happened that year after year
passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was
in the prime of life—forty-five or there-
abouts—and still unmarried, and in all prob-
ability likely to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was
a widow.

The widow Wells, who had passed
through her matrimonial experience, was
some three or four years younger than
Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite a
comely woman. Unfortunately, the late
Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her
sufficient to make her independent of the
world. All that she possessed was the
small old-fashioned house in which she
lived, and a small amount of money, which
was insufficient to support her and a little
of seven—too young to be classed as
'productive' of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take
three or four boarders, to eke out the
scanty income, which of course imposed
upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

It is not surprising, then, that under
these circumstances she could have now
and then bethought herself of a second
marriage, as a means of bettering her
condition. And need we esteem it an es-
pecial wonder, if, in her reflections upon this
point, she should cast her eyes upon her
neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon,
as we have already said, was in flourish-
ing circumstances. He would be able to
maintain a wife in great comfort; and be-
ing one of the chief personages in the vil-
lage, could afford her a prominent social
position.

Some sagacious person has observed,
however, that it takes two to make a
match,—a fact to be carefully considered;
for in the present case it was exceedingly
doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even
if he had known the favorable opinion of
his next neighbor, would have been in-
clined to propose changing her name to
Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive
should be brought to bear on him. Here
was a chance of gleaning.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing
labor, the Widow Wells sat at the fire in
the sitting room, with her feet resting on
the fender.

'If ever I am so situated as not to
work so hard,' she murmured, 'I shall be
happy. It is a hard life, keeping board-
ers. If I were only as well off as Deacon
Bancroft.'

Still the widow kept on thinking, and
by-and-by her face brightened up. She
had an idea, which she resolved to put into
execution at the earliest practical moment.
What it was the reader will discover in the
sequel.

'Henry,' said she to her son the next
morning, 'I want you to stop at Deacon
Bancroft's as you go along to school, and
ask him if he will call and see me in the
course of the forenoon or afternoon, just as
he finds it most convenient.'

Deacon Bancroft was not a little sur-
prised at the summons. However, about
eleven o'clock he called in. The widow
had got on the dinner and had leisure to
sit down. She appeared a little embar-
rassed.

'Henry told me you would like to see
me,' he commenced.

'Yes, Deacon Bancroft, I do; but I
am very much afraid you will think very
strange of it—at least of what I have to
say to you.'

The deacon very politely promised not to
be surprised, although at the same time
his curiosity was visibly excited.

'Suppose,' said the widow, casting down
her eyes to the floor—'mind I am only
supposing the case—suppose a person
should find a pot of gold in the cellar,
would the law have a right to touch it, or
would it belong to them?'

'The deacon pricked up his ears.
'A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why,
unquestionably, the law would have noth-
ing to do with it.'

'And the one who formerly owned the
house couldn't come forward and claim it,
could he, deacon?'

'No, madam, certainly not—when the
house was disposed of everything went
with it, as a matter of course.'

'I am glad to hear it, deacon. You
won't think strange of the question, but it
happened to occur to my mind, and I
would like to have it settled.'

'Certainly, widow, certainly,' said the
deacon, abstractedly.

'And, deacon, as you are here, I hope
you'll stop to dinner with us; it will be
ready punctually at twelve.'

'Well, no,' said the deacon, 'I'm very
much obliged to you, but they'll be expect-
ing me home.'

'At any rate, deacon,' said the widow,
taking a steaming mince pie from the
oven, 'you won't object to taking a piece
of my mince pie; you must know that I
rather pride myself on my mince pies.'

The warm pie sent forth such a deli-
cious odor that the deacon was sorely tempt-
ed, and after saying 'Well, really,' with
the intention of refusing, he finished by
saying, 'On the whole, I guess I will, as it
looks so nice.'

The widow was really a good cook, and
the deacon ate with much gusto the gen-
erous slice she cut for him; and, after a
little more chatting upon unimportant sub-
jects, he withdrew in some mental per-
plexity.

'No; she exchanged a gold piece for
some bills.'

'Ha!' pondered the deacon, reflectively,
'did she give any reason for inquiring?'

'No; she said she only asked from cu-
riosity.'

The deacon left the bank in deep thought.
He came to the conclusion that this 'cu-
riosity' only veiled a deeper motive. He
no longer entertained a doubt that the wi-
dow had actually found a pot of gold in
her cellar, and appearances seemed to in-
dicate that its probable value was equal
to five thousand dollars. The gold pieces
which she had exchanged at the bank ap-
peared to confirm this story.

'I rather think,' said the deacon, com-
placently, 'I can see into a millstone as
far as most people,'—a statement, the lit-
eral truth of which I defy any one to ques-
tion, though, as to the prime fact of people
being able to see into a millstone at all,
doubts have now and then intruded them-
selves upon my mind.

The next Sunday Widow Wells appeared
at church in a new and stylish bonnet,
which led to some such remarks as these:
'How much vanity some people have,
to be sure!'

'How a woman who has
to keep boarders for a living can afford to
dash out with such a bonnet is more than
I can tell; I should think she was old
enough to know better.'

(This last remark was made by a lady just six
months younger than the widow, whose at-
tempts to catch a husband had hitherto proved
unavailing.)

'I suppose,' continued the
same young lady, 'she is trying to catch a
second husband with her finery. Before
I would condescend to such means I'd
draw myself.'

In this last amiable speech the young
lady had unwittingly hit upon the true
motive. The widow was intent upon catch-
ing Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a
costly bonnet, not because she supposed
he would be caught with finery, but be-
cause this would strengthen in his mind
the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden
wealth.

The widow had calculated shrewdly, and
the display had the effect she anticipated.
Monday afternoon Deacon Bancroft
found an errand that called him over to
the widow's. It chanced to be about tea-
time. He was impelled to stay to tea,
and, somewhat to his surprise, actually
did.

The polite widow, who knew the deacon's
weak points, brought one of her best
mince pies, a slice of which her guest par-
took of with zest.

'You'll take another piece, I know,'
said she, persuasively.

'Really, I am ashamed,' said the deacon,
and he passed his plate. 'The fact is,'
he said, apologetically, 'your pies are
so nice I don't know when to stop.'

'Do you call these nice?' said the wi-
dow, modestly. 'I only call them com-
mon. I can make mince pies when I set
out, but this time I didn't have such
good luck as usual.'

'I shouldn't want any better,' said the
deacon, emphatically.

'Then I hope, if you like them, you'll
drop in to tea often. We ought to be more
neighborly, Deacon Bancroft.'

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he mean-
while said, 'The fact is, the deacon be-
gan to think the widow a very charming
woman. She was very comely, and was
such an excellent cook! Besides, he had
no doubt in his own mind that she was
worth a considerable sum of money. What
objection could there be to her becoming
Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this ques-
tion before her one evening. The widow
blushed, professed to be greatly surprised,
in fact, she had never thought of the thing
in her life—but, on the whole, she had
thought highly of the deacon, and, to cut
short the matter, accepted him.

A month afterwards she was installed
as mistress of the deacon's large house,
somewhat to the surprise of the village
people, who could not conceive how she
had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony the deacon
ventured to inquire about the pot of
gold which she had found in the cellar.

'Pot of gold?' she exclaimed, in sur-
prise; 'I know of none.'

'But,' says the deacon, disconcerted,
'you know you asked me about whether
the law would claim it?'

'O, for deacon, I only asked from cu-
riosity.'

'And was that the reason you made
inquiries at the bank?'

'Certainly. What else could it be?'

The deacon went out to the barn, and
for about half an hour sat in silent medi-
tation. At the end of that time he ejacu-
lated, as a closing consideration, 'after all,
she makes good pies.'

It gives me pleasure to state that the
union of the deacon and the widow proved
a happy one, although to the end of his
life he never could make up his mind about
that 'Pot of Gold.'

One of the wittiest sayings in the lan-
guage is Douglas Jerrold's definition of
dogmatism—that it is a puppy's cry come
to maturity.

Knowledge of the World, by Censor.—
'There is a kind of short lived friendship
that takes place among young men, from
a connection in their pleasures only; in
friendship too often attended with bad
consequences. This companion of your pleas-
ures, young and unexperienced, will prob-
ably, in the heat of convivial mirth, vow a
perpetual friendship, and unfold himself to
you without the least reserve; but new
associations, change of fortune, or change
of place, may soon break this ill timed
connection, and an improper use may be
made of it. Be one, if you will, in young
companies, and bear your part like others,
in all the social festivity of youth; nay,
trust them with your innocent frolics, but
keep your serious matters to yourself; and
if you must at any time make them known,
let it be to some tried friend of great ex-
perience; and that nothing will tempt
him to become your rival, let that friend
be in a different walk of life from yourself.

There is a certain easiness or false mod-
esty in most young people, that either
makes them unwilling, or ashamed to re-
fuse anything that is asked of them.—
There is also an ungoverned openness
about them, that makes them the ready
prey of the artful and designing. They
are easily led away by the feigned friend-
ships of a knave or a fool, and too rashly
share a confidence in them, that terminates
in their loss, and frequently in their ruin.

Be aware, therefore, as I said before, of
these profligate friendships; repay them
with compliments, but not with confidence.
Never let your vanity make you suppose
that people become your friends upon a
slight acquaintance; for good offices must
be shown on both sides to create a friend-
ship. It will not thrive, unless its love be
mutual, and it requires time to ripen it.

There is still among young people one
other kind of friendship merely nominal;
warm indeed for the time, but fortunately
of no long continuance. This friendship
takes its rise from their pursuing the same
course of riot and debauchery; their
purses are open to each other, they tell
one another all they know, they embark in
the same quarrels, and stand by each other
on all occasions. I should rather call this
a *comradeship*,—a *comradeship*—than a
friendship.

The severest lash of the law—but they have
the impudence to call it friendship. How-
ever, it is often as suddenly dissolved as it
is hastily contracted; some accident dis-
perses them, and they presently forget
each other, except it is to betray, and to
laugh at their own egregious folly.

Look to the Bedroom.—If two persons
are to occupy a bedroom during a night,
let them sleep upon weighing scales as they
retire, and then again in the morning, and
they will find their actual weight to be at
least a pound less in the morning. Fre-
quently there will be a loss of two or three
pounds, and the average loss throughout
the year will be more than one pound.—
That is, during the night there is a loss of
a pound of matter which has gone off from
their bodies, partly from the lungs and
partly from the pores of the skin. The es-
caped material is carbonic acid and de-
cayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations.
This is diffused through the air in
part, and in part absorbed by the bed-
clothes. If a single ounce of wool or cot-
ton be burned in a room, it will so com-
pletely saturate the air with smoke, that
one can hardly breathe, though there can
only be an ounce of foreign matter in the
air. If an ounce of cotton be burned ev-
ery half hour during the night, the air will
be kept continually saturated with smoke,
unless there can be an open door or win-
dow for it to escape. Now the sixteen
ounces of smoke thus formed, are far less
poisonous than the sixteen ounces of ex-
halations from the lungs and bodies of the
two persons who have lost a pound in
weight during the eight hours of sleeping,
for while the dry smoke is mainly taken
into the lungs, the damp odors from the
body are absorbed both into the lungs and
into the pores of the whole body.

Need more be said to show the impor-
tance of having bedrooms well ventilated,
and of thoroughly airing the sheets, cover-
lets and mattresses in the morning, before
packing them up in the form of a neatly
made bed.—*Journal of Health.*

A writer in Once a Week says, during a
residence of some months in Vienna, I
never saw a single silver or gold coin of
the realm in circulation. You pay your cab-
man with a dozen screws of greasy pa-
per; you tip the omnibus conductor
with a two penny note; you pay the
housekeeper in the same way if you re-
turn home after ten o'clock; and you
throw a bank note to the beggar at
the church door; you see the market wo-
men counting out their paper money when
their fruit stalls are emptied; you see the
charitable dropping it into crimson collect-
ing bags in the churches; on every side
crop up evidences of the original state of
Austrian finance.

Procrastination is an obstacle to happi-
ness—habits still worse.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Multum in Parvo.

Original and selected, prepared for the Mercury.

CHARADE.
My first is a girl,
My second a boy,
My last you enjoy,
At your dinner.

Conundrums.—What were the first two
specimens of fruit in Paradise? The ser-
pent was the first Meddler, and Adam and
Eve were the first pair.

What does a lady require in order to
keep the rest of her dress clean? A
lawn dress (lawn dress).

What was the 'Gladiator' at the Red-
wood Library robbed of? He was chis-
eled out of a piece of marble.

On Ancient Jest.—The Kynde with a
goodlie companye rydinge thoro' cheape
one daye espied a very fat woman, and he
asked who she was, whereupon yor Lord
Mare with reddie wyt answered that she
was Barklie and Perkins his stout, if it
might please his Majesty; and his Ma-
jesty graciously replied, 'Barklie and
Perkins, his stout, well pleases me, but
yet seemeth me she is not XXX but X Lent
stout.' At which every one laughed
ryghte merrilie. Then the Kynde asked
the Lord Mare if he would have that wo-
man for his wife; but, quoth he, 'We
thanke yr Majesty, but there is a provibe
'Waste, not, waste not!' which pleased
the Kynde much, and he gave to the Lord
Mare a dygve in ye rybbes, and caused
him to fall off his horse into ye conduit,
wherhe growlie delyted ye Kynde and
his Courtiers, and he sayed, 'Rise uppe,
Sir Thomas de Muddinosse.' So he be-
came a knight that daye. And ye chro-
nicles saye that Sir Thomas de Muddi-
nosse was the only Mare that ever made
jest, and that ye Little of London is fa-
mous for its wittles and not for its witt.

A Man of No Account.—A ready-moned
man.

A good name for a musical prodigy—
Octave-lus.

'Won't that bea constructor bite me?'
said a little boy to a showman.

'Oh, no, boy, he never bites—he swal-
lows his money.'

Politeness is an air cushion—there may
be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts
wonderfully.

Volunteer Intelligence.—The New York
pawnbrosers are about to organize a corps.
They are to be armed with Pop-guns.

The Truth seen through a Port Hole.—
When a ship goes into port she usually
steadies, but when port gets into a man,
he usually reels.

Pride.—The mist that vapors around
insignificance.

A Dutchman was relating his marvel-
lous escape from drowning when thirteen
of his companions were lost by the upset-
ting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

'And how did you escape their fate?'

'I did not go in the pote,' was the
Dutchman's placid answer.

Big Enough.—The keeper of a menage-
erie was lately seen beating one of his ele-
phants with a large club. A bystander
asked him the cause.

'Why,' said the keeper, 'he's been
flinging dirt all about the tent and he's big
enough to know better.'

The editor of a newspaper in answer to
a reader's complaint that he did not give
news enough, advised him to read the Bi-
ble, which he had no doubt would be news
enough to him.

An assessor of taxes having asked a
voter the value of a house, the answer was,
'That depends upon what sort of a wife
is in it.'

'Massa,' said Sambo, 'one of your ox-
en is dead; 'toder too. 'Traid to tell you
of hoff at once for fear you couldn't bore
it.'

The following pithy story is told of
Hallam and Rogers:—

'How do you do, Hallam?' said the
poet.

'Do what?' said the other.

'Why, how do you find yourself?'

'I never lose myself.'

'Well, how have you been?'

United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.
Passed at the First Session of the Thirty-eighth
Congress.

AN ACT TO PREVENT COLLISIONS ON THE WATER.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Rep-
resentatives of the United States of America in
Congress assembled, That from and after Sep-
tember one, eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
the following rules and regulations for prevent-
ing collisions on the water be adopted in the
navy and the mercantile marine of the United
States: Provided, That the exhibition of any
light on board of a vessel of the United States
may be suspended whenever, in the opinion
of the Secretary of the Navy, the command-
er-in-chief of a squadron, or the commander of
a vessel, may require it.

REGULATIONS FOR PREVENTING COL-
LISIONS ON THE WATER.

Article 1. Preliminary.
Rules concerning lights:
1 Lights to be carried as follows:
2 Lights for steamships.
3 Lights for sailing ships.
4 Lights for fishing vessels and boats.
5 Lights for small sailing vessels.
6 Lights for ships at anchor.
7 Lights for pilot vessels.
8 Lights for fishing vessels and boats.
9 Lights for small sailing vessels.
10 Fog signals.

Article 2. The lights mentioned in the fol-
lowing articles, and no others, shall be carried in all
weather between sunset and sunrise.

Article 3. All steam vessels which under way
shall carry—
(a) At the foremast head, a bright white light,
so fixed as to show an uniform and unbroken
light over an arc of the horizon of twenty points
of the compass, so fixed as to throw light ten
points on each side of the ship, viz: from right
ahead to two points abaft the beam on either
side of the ship.

(b) On the starboard side, a green light, so
constructed as to show an uniform and unbroken
light over an arc of the horizon of ten points
of the compass, so fixed as to throw the light
from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on
the starboard side, and at such a character as to
be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmo-
sphere, at a distance of at least two miles.

(c) On the port side, a

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